

SAART

No, I can't sit down. My pot is on the fire.

JO

Please, now.

SAART

No, I can't do it . . . my door is unlatched and the cat might knock over the oil stove. Just give it to me here . . . now . . . now! Many years yet, and may your boys . . . ach now—where are your boys?

KNIERTJE

Geert has gone to say goodby in the village and Barend has gone in the yawl with Mees to carry their mattresses and kit bags and oil-skins on board. They'll be back here soon. They have to be on board at three o'clock.

SAART (*emptying her glass*)

Hé, that burns your heart out! Say, were you at Leen's house yesterday?

KNIERTJE

No, I couldn't go.

SAART

They had everything there and lots of it! The bride took more than she could carry . . . three glasses of "Roses Without-Thorns," two of "Perfect Love," and at least four of "Maid-in-the-bower!" How she stowed it away!

COBUS

How her sweet little lips must have smacked! Héhé!